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Modern Life
& Modern Man

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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FLAPPERS IN ROTTEN ROW.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Princess Mary's First Flirtation.

Princess Mary is just now enjoying her first flirtation. The object of her "attentions" is Prince Erik of Denmark, her first cousin, and the nineteen-year-old third son of Queen Alexandra's youngest brother, Prince Waldemar of Denmark. Whether Princess Mary herself arranged the hour of the young Prince's arrival in England we do not know, but no Oxford Street flapper could have done it with greater subtlety. It was on the morning of Monday, April 21st, that King George and Queen Mary left London for their tour of the Potteries. The Prince of Wales, fresh from his tramp in Germany, went off to Oxford; his brothers are all at the sea-side or at school, and for the first time in her life Princess Mary was "left in charge." And you know what *that* means at sweet sixteen. Plots—and counter plots! And as the programme of Her Royal Highness's unsuspicious Pa and Ma has been mapped out for months past, and is daily consulted by the Princess, Monday, April 21st, has been a day long looked forward to by "the nation's darling," as the first one upon which a flirtation has been possible. The only thing necessary was the right boy. This was no easy matter, of course, for he had to be a Royalty, and a relation, otherwise there wasn't a ghost of a chance of anything interesting happening!

* * *

"Right Boy" Arrives at the Right Moment.

But, strange to say, that very morning, at the precise hour at which King George and Queen Mary started north, the desired Prince turned up all right, and before Princess Mary laid her sleepy head upon her bed on Tuesday night she had seen him! And he was "very nice!" Quite English, too, in spite of his Danish name. The Prince, of course, wasn't a guest at Buckingham Palace. He wasn't far off, though. From the time of his arrival he has been housed at Marlborough House over the way, with his father, Prince Waldemar. All the Royalties are in the deepest mourning for the unfortunate brother of Prince Waldemar and Queen Alexandra, the late assassinated King of the Hellenes, but in spite of the crêpe, never was the Court so filled with romance as during the absence of the King and Queen in the Potteries. Queen Amelie, who is own aunt to Princess Mary's first boy (his mother was an Orleans Princess, and a sister of Queen Amelie) went round to Marlborough House directly her nephew from Denmark had arrived, in order not only to greet the young Prince, but to tell everybody about her son [illegible] engagement to his Hohenzollern Princess. It [illegible] a surprise to everybody, for although the whole [illegible] Queen Amelie's own arrangement, she had kept [illegible] until it could be actually announced as a *fait accompli*. (I am able to tell here the secret history of the Portuguese Hohenzollern betrothal, and it appears below. Ed. M.L. return to Princess Mary.)

* * *

When the Cat's Away —

What with the exchanges of visits between Marlborough House and Clarence House necessitated by the arrival from Canada of the Connaughts, Queen Alexandra and her daughter, Princess Victoria, have been kept pretty busy. Queen Amelie also did her best to entertain her sister and brother-in-law at Marlborough House, and once they were out shopping together, and were totally unrecognised even in Bond Street. And while the whole Marlborough House crowd were discussing the coming visit of the King and Queen to Berlin for the wedding of the latter's daughter, Princess Mary and her boy from Denmark had opportunities for quiet chats alone in old Buckingham Palace—such boy and girl chats as have not taken place within the walls of the Palace for fifty years. On Wednesday Princess Mary went over to Queen Alexandra's to lunch, when there was much fun at the expense of the Princess and Prince Erik on being "left in charge" of the Palace. Prince Erik went back to the Palace with the Princess, and there the young lady showed him all the wonderful presents she had received for her birthday on the 26th, when Prince Erik produced a little diamond locket which was his photograph and told her he intended to give it to her on the 25th. They say Princess Mary wore the locket carefully concealed about her, though [illegible] doesn't know anything about it. The happy young [illegible] found continual sources of interesting gossip, [illegible] through the spacious apartments of Buckingham Palace, where every single piece of furniture, picture, or [illegible] has mutual remembrances of living and dead relatives.

* * *

"Nation's Darling" Not Sleeping So Well.

King George and Queen Mary arrived home on [illegible] afternoon, and their daughter, now crammed with [illegible] ran hurriedly down to the garden entrance to the [illegible] to greet them with kisses. After lunch, Prince Erik [illegible] over from Queen Alexandra's, with his father and [illegible] of Connaught, but Princess Mary stayed upstairs [illegible] mother, feeling as if she had been "found out," [illegible] ferring to allow the elders to arrange the rest. [illegible] will happen remains to be seen. Prince Erik is [illegible] back to Denmark, anyway, and for some months he [illegible] to take up argriculture on a farm in Oxfordshire, [illegible] he will pay week-end visits to Marlborough House [illegible] to the Prince of Wales at Oxford. So there is no [illegible] for any hurry in the affair with Princess Mary. [illegible] Friday, Prince Erik went over to the Palace to [illegible] Mary's birthday party. He, of course, presented [illegible] diamond locket and photograph, with "many happy returns," and they say that ever since Friday Princess Mary has not slept so well. However, she [illegible] to the Prince at the party, as there was such a crowd [illegible] girls, nearly forty of them, and they were all-of-a-[illegible] from Denmark—the cats!

* * *

Symptoms of Love.

King George and Queen Mary have noticed something strange about their daughter of late, though, and are worrying her to know if she is unwell. The [illegible] Her Royal Highness has been observed by every [illegible] Court, as since she began her preparations for her confirmation six months ago she had become extremely d[illegible] "calm." The calmness has now gone—so has the [illegible] ness! A glance now brings a blush to the [illegible] cheek, and Queen Mary has privately consulted Sir [illegible] Laking on the subject. Sir Francis assured Her [illegible] that it was nothing more than the reaction of [illegible] the serious period which ended on the 17th of May, when the Archbishop of Canterbury completed the [illegible] "salvation" in the private chapel attached to the [illegible] But doctors don't know everything, and even Sir [illegible] Laking doesn't know about that diamond locket and [illegible] The most exciting moment of the romance was [illegible] afternoon, when a telegram arrived at Marlborough [illegible] stating that "Axel was saved, though his escape was [illegible] the narrowest." "Axel" is Prince Erik's elder brother, [illegible] he is the aviator of the Danish Royal family.

THE LATEST CRAZE FROM PARIS IS THE SIGN-POST HAT.

Our artist presents our lady readers with a few ideas which might be successfully carried out over here. They would prove a useful guide to the "knut" in doubt.

morning he gave a demonstration of his skill at aero- training at Copenhagen, but just as he was bringing his machine to terra firma, a gust of wind caught him, and drove his biplane against a barrier, reducing the biplane to a mass of splinters. The Prince stepped out of the débris all right, though, and then it was that the tele- gram announcing his escape gave Prince Erik a just excuse to run across to Princess Mary with the news. Princess Mary was very excited, and made Prince Erik promise that he would not add aviation to agriculture as one of his diversions. It is to be hoped the course of true love will run smoothly. Our readers will learn all about it in any case.

* * *

Secret History of King Manuel's "Affaire."

Now for the secret history of the Portuguese-Hohen- zollern betrothal. As everybody knows, King Manuel is the ex-Sovereign of Portugal. He was expelled from Lisbon more than three years ago. Since then he has been engaged in innumerable plots for the overthrow of the Portuguese Republic, and his restoration to the Crown. That he will succeed eventually is pretty certain. If he does not, the Portuguese themselves will demand his recall. Already the republic is more notorious than the ex-King. But, as if to provide the necessary touch of romance to the position, there is opposition in the field on behalf of another Prince of the Braganza family. This is Dom Miguel, whose rights in the Portuguese crown need not here be enquired into. It is sufficient that he is a for- midable opponent of the claims of the ex-King, inasmuch as he represents the male line of the ancient Kings of Portugal. On the other hand, King Manuel, though he has actually reigned, only occupied a throne which, accord- ing to a considerable portion of the Portuguese people, had been merely usurped by King Manuel's ancestors.

* * *

"Double Deal in His Own Interest."

Now, in order to defeat the ends of Dom Miguel, the policy of King Manuel's family (i.e., his charming mother) has been to link up the members of King Manuel's side of the House of Braganza. And the family of Manuelist Braganzas is as follows:—The Duke of Oporto, the only brother of the late murdered King Carlos. After him the succession would go to the descendants of King Manuel's aunts, Maria Ann of Portugal, who died as Princess George of Saxony; and Antonia, who married a Prince William of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. This aunt still lives, and her son, Prince William of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, is the father of the lady to whom King Manuel is betrothed. So it will be seen that as the *fiancée* is like to be a poten- tial Queen of Portugal in any case some day, should the Portuguese demand another Sovereign, and refuse to take Manuel back, the ex-King is doing a double deal in his own interest by marrying the lady whose chance of taking his place is such a good one. Needless to say, King Manuel's mother, who comes from the designing House of Bourbon-Orleans, has never lost sight of the Hohenzollern- Sigmaringens and the popularity which attended the wed- ding of King Pedro V. of Portugal with a Princess of that house nigh upon fifty years ago!

* * *

New Potentiality in Society.

The King's visit to Crewe has brought the name of the Chairman of the London and North Western Railway into quite remarkable prominence. Claughton, as a surname, is so little known that the books of reference have not yet incorporated it. It was for some years conspicuous beneath a couple of mitres, one of which was worn by the first Bishop of the new Diocese of St. Albans. The Chairman of the L. and N.W.R. was, however, made a baronet nearly a year ago.. His mother was the Lady Susannah Dudley, daughter of a late Earl of Dudley, but his aristocratic birth did not debar him from serving three years' appren- ticeship at the Manchester works of Beyer and Peacock's, and he was for twenty years Chief Agent of Lord Dudley's mining estate. He had been for four years Mayor of Dudley, and is regarded as a highly efficient man of busi- ness. His baronetcy was placed in jeopardy not long ago, however, by a little "romance" in his family, which came near dispelling the odour of sanctity which haloes his name.

* * *

Tit-Bit from Calcutta.

One of our famous artists is Mr. Onslow Ford, and in the autumn of 1910 Mr. Ford started for a cold weather trip to India, with his pockets stuffed with commissions

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THE GREATEST WISH."

* * *

to paint the portraits of several rajahs. Bombay and Calcutta were visited; the artist and his charming young wife were dined by the civilians and the "milingtary," and Mr. Ford daily gave sittings to the important natives who desired to see themselves as others see them. Amongst the young bucks of the civilian ranks in Calcutta was no other than Mr. Harold Claughton, of the Indian Record Office. He had a light job, and many hours in which to dream of the other sex, and how things might have been if they hadn't been as they are! His dreams stopped when he met Mrs. Onslow Ford, and the realisations began. While Onslow Ford painted, his wife flirted, and Calcutta is distinctly "a hot shop." It wasn't long before the name of Claughton had surrounded itself with another sort of sanctity than that of a halo, and when Mrs. Onslow Ford came home the happy little *ménage* in Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, was doomed. Mr. Harold Claughton quickly secured his over-due furlough, came home, chased Mrs. Ford for all he was worth, and found that her return to the delights of Town still left her, like Barkis, "willing"! So she and her artist had a sad "Farewell," and a Judge of the Divorce Court did the rest. However, the five-o'clocks of Calcutta had this little tit-bit all to themselves, and London heard nothing about it, so Sir Gilbert's baronetcy was allowed to pass into the Birthday honours of last year untarnished.

What will Christabel do now?

* * *

Winston Churchill was elected an Elder Brother of the Corporation of Trinity House on Tuesday. As a change from playing the "Dutch Uncle" to the Marconi Committee, no doubt.

* * *

Cinema advertisement in Blackfriars Road: "The Man-Eater In Two Parts." It is customary in these little episodes for the victim to fill the double rôle—and the man-eater.

* * *

Society leader: It's awful to have these camera fiends after one!

Popular hero: Yes; but just think what it would be if they didn't notice us!

PLAIN SPEAKING.

"A la Lanterne!"

Those sanguine people who believed that religious ig-
ance had disappeared from English life must have
sadly undeceived of late. The attacks upon prominent
ticians, which undoubtedly, in spite of disclaimers,
their base in anti-Semitism; the lurid language employ-
the campaign against the Welsh Church Bill; the "
Rule is Rome Rule" cry—all are manifestations of the
feeling that can still be aroused by the conflict of
Liberty of conscience is not so secure as modernists w
have us think, and the number of misguided people
would like to boil in oil all those whose faith is different
their own is evidently by no means inconsiderable. We
confess to a certain amount of sympathy with the good
of Bradwell, Bucks., who gave Bishop Gore such a
reception the other Sunday, though we have little respect
their manners. The trouble in the Church of Engl
that a ritualistic parson is often foisted willy-nilly
an inoffensive community who have been accustomed
picturesque methods of religious observance, and they
to put up with his "Popish practices" whether they
or not. This seems to have been the case at Bradwell
the villagers may be excused a certain amount of boister-
ness upon so favourable an occasion.

* * *

The Affaire Marconi.

It is about time this interminable Marconi enquiry
to an end. The dilatoriness of the Committee is m
short of a scandal, and the last thing thought of see
be the welfare of the nation. The great majority o
public are heartily sick of the whole business, and we d
whether the lengthy reports which appear in the
are being read latterly by more than a very small
of people interested in politics. That is to say,
wretched business is worthy even of the name of pu
Of course the enquiry is a godsend to the papers,
spring gooseberry and its kindred do not need to be fe
out of the stable to fill a column or so, but a Parliam
Committee should have some greater object than to p
"good copy." Any other object has been invisible
particular instance for the last month or two,
perhaps, that one or two of the Committee are envi
Mr. Falconer's reputation as an astute cross-examiner
are trying to gain similar laurels for themselves.

* * *

Its Outcome.

After all, what has been the sole and solitary outcom
these months of wrangling? Simply that it has been
lished that certain Ministers were foolish enough,
delightful refreshing innocence, to speculate—invest,
like—in the shares of an American wireless company
when all is said and done, has about as much conn
with *the* Marconi Company as, say, the Canadian P
Railway has with the London and North-Western. T
about all that the Committee has achieved—its real
which it was never capable to carry out, being delegat
the subsidiary committee of experts. The only cons
is that the Committee will not dip deeply into the
purse, as its members (excepting the clerical staff)
receive special payment for their antics. Moreover,
would probably have got into some other sort of mischi
they had not thus been engaged.

* * *

Sumptuary Laws in Devon.

The Devon Education Committee will be striking
if they are not careful. From their school at Bishopsteig
a child of eleven has been sent home day after day by
she persisted in presenting herself with her hair
loosely on her shoulders. The county medical officer,
wisdom, has pronounced the view that it is more he
for girls to wear their hair plaited into a pigtail, or
tails, and (as this is a free country) plaited the hair
be, or no tuition! We are sorry to hear that all the
or their parents—complied, except one. We think
the parents should have resisted this dictum of a
and insisted that their children should have their
whether their hair was flowing loose, done up in a
decorated with the aristocratic curl-papers—even
went to school bald-headed. It is to be hoped that
Board of Education, to whom the matter has been re
will put a period to this piece of petty tyranny.

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE

The time when all the world is ringing with the exposure of the German armament war-inciters, and when the nations of Europe are making haste to arm themselves, seems singularly inopportune for the re-introduction to parliamentary notice of the proposed Channel Tunnel, and we are glad to note that Mr. Asquith gave its supporters not a shadow of encouragement. The Channel Tunnel never must, and never will be constructed, until all the nations of Europe have laid down their weapons and disbanded their armies. Of course, there is no real demand for a Channel tunnel, except perhaps among the favoured few who are able to flee the rigours of an English winter, and who fling away at the pleasure resorts of the Riviera or the Italian Lakes money which would be extremely welcome at English watering-places which are—or might be made—equally desirable as haunts of the idle rich.

* * *

Motor Murder.

During the last few days the number of fatal accidents by motor 'bus or car has been much above the average—taking London and the provinces together—and yet nothing effectual is done to give reckless drivers a salutary lesson. This is one of those perennial subjects which no topical journal can avoid, and which it ought not to avoid, as there is not the slightest doubt that the hands of the police require strengthening. A formidable list of prosecutions for manslaughter could be compiled in any given week, but the verdict of juries is almost always the same—acquittal. With the law of libel in its present unsatisfactory state it is, of course, impossible to deal satisfactorily with any specific case, however flagrant, and all that can be done is to drum it continually into the ears of possible jurymen that motor fatalities will continue until they abandon their squeamishness, and by a verdict of "guilty" impress it upon the careless incompetent motorman that he cannot with impunity take the life of a fellow-creature. We are all apt to forget that pedestrian and vehicle have equal rights to the roadway—it is this forgetfulness on the part of the motor-driver that causes accidents in a great many cases.

Sloppy Sentimentality.

The fact is that this country at present is on the crest of a wave of silly, sloppy sentimentality. The Home Secretary allows frenzied, fanatical women to set the law at defiance, simply because they take advantage of their sex to behave as no male prisoner would be allowed to behave. When a hunger-striker can please herself whether or not she remains in gaol to serve a richly-deserved sentence the law shows itself to be an even more ridiculous "hass" than is its wont. The sanctity of human life is all very well, but the class of "better deads" is by no means small, and if Mrs. Pankhurst or anybody else considers she is worth more dead than alive, who is to disagree with her? At any rate she has a far greater idea of her own importance than has anybody else—even her fellow-Suffragettes, if the truth be told.

* * *

The Vivisection Faddists.

Then, again, we have the Anti-Vivisectionists, who are booming more loudly than ever, thanks to the brilliant forensic display of a clever woman, who prefers to labour in a foreign country rather than in the country where she first saw the light, and where she would find much greater scope for her peculiar energies and enthusiasm. Backed up, in the main, by a lot of sentimental women who squander more in a year on their bloated pampered pet dogs than would keep a workman's child in comfort for a much longer period, Miss Lind-af-Hageby would have us believe that some of our most devoted medical specialists, fine men in every sense of the word, are nothing more than cold-blooded torturers of dumb, inoffensive animals. The money which is being freely contributed to pay the lady's law costs would be infinitely better expended in ministering to the wants of the starving poor—but, then, slumming is out of fashion!

* * *

When in Doubt ——

It is a curious fact that whenever there is any enquiry into the delays of the law the inevitable result is the

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

He: "The programme says he's a comedian."
She: "I had my suspicions from the first!"

MONEY FOR THE ASKING. PARTICULARS ON PAGE 10.

appointment of another Judge. The strongest trades union of ancient or modern times has a happy knack of securing for its members the most lucrative positions which the State can afford, and although a prominent barrister usually accepts a Judgeship at considerable pecuniary loss he cannot resist the opportunity of securing that *otium cum dignitate* which he well knows will continue long after he has passed his prime and acquired defects of age which would unfit him for more strenuous employment. We have great respect—at a respectful distance—for His Majesty's judges learned in the law, but we really do not see why there should be more of them. What is really required is a clean sweep of all the antiquated, cumbersome machinery which makes Justice the most expensive commodity an Englishman can buy, and the erection of a common-sense, straightforward system devoid of all the quirks and quibbles which have been devised by those who profit by them.

* * *

The Glamour of Colour.

The warning issued to Australian women by the Commonwealth Government, at the request of Mr. Harcourt, against the common practice of marrying Afghans and Pathans who visit Australia for purposes of trade or camel-driving, might fittingly with some modifications be applied to this country with regard to the swarm of Indian law students whose dusky beauty and insinuating grace seem to be extremely fascinating to women in a much higher grade of society. We will not enter here into the risk run by an Englishwoman foolish enough to marry one of our mysterious—it is the mystery which often appeals—Indian guests, of finding when she arrives in India that she will be secluded in a harem and treated as a mere chattel, nor yet into the extreme probability that the husband has already been married when a mere stripling. Taking the thing at its best, in the case of Anglicised Indians who are not likely to revert to the patriarchal form of life, it is certain that the English bride will find that things are by no means what they seem, and that her Indian "prince" is perhaps little better than a pariah.

* * *

A Concrete Instance.

The subject is too huge to be handled here in any detail, and the moral may best be pointed by a concrete instance which came to our personal notice. A clever handsome girl, daughter of a responsible English solicitor, fell in love with a tall and outwardly charming Indian barrister, hailing from the Colony of Natal. She followed him to Durban, where he had started practice, and in spite of the wholesome advice of the captain and passengers on the steamer she married him. To cut the story short, her Indian hero was the son of a coolie—a casteless pariah—imported by the local Corporation, who had "made good" when his term of indenture as a street-sweeper had expired; her new relatives all were, or had been, of the same class, or were more or less opulent vegetable hawkers; and finally her husband's curious Indian ideas of legal morality quickly brought him under the censure of the law, and he was disbarred. From the start, of course, she had been ostracised by the decent English community, who are quite pitiless in such matters, and her only white associates were among shady riff-raff banned by respectable society—and, be it said, the Durban community is by no means overparticular. Undoubtedly a pleasant life for a well-educated English girl, but perhaps her lot was alleviated by the arrival of sundry tawny-coloured scions of the parent stock, who were not long in making their appearance.

Self-possessed Workers.

The London papers have been quite amusing in their accounts of the King's visits to the manufacturing centres of the Potteries and North of England—that is to say, amusing to Northerners, unless they happen to be so thinskinned that the all-pervasive condescending tone caused annoyance. Apparently the sturdy independent workers—male and female—were expected to be so overwhelmed by the Royal presence that they would be tongue-tied and ready to sink through the floor if the King or Queen happened to address them a question concerning the work. It is quite to the good that London should gain an inkling of the real nature of those who actually produce the wealth of the nation—for, after all, London is merely the nation's mart so far as trade and commerce are concerned.

* * *

Squashing the Suffragettes.

At last Mr. McKenna has come to his senses, plucked up his courage and taken steps which every sane and sensible man and woman will agree should have been taken months ago. If the raid on the Kingsway headquarters is legal to-day it was legal six months ago, and the same applies to the suppression of *The Suffragette*, the warning to printers of militant literature and the embargo on subscribers to the organisation. The very fact that it has been possible now to do these things is proof positive that they ought to have been done earlier, and this drastic action—the vacillation of a weak man who sways between two extremes—should, we think, prove one of the last official acts of a Home Secretary who has shown himself as weak as water, and who is palpably unfitted for his task. Perhaps he will now be permitted to return to the evidently more congenial, though certainly more prosaic, task from which he should never have been taken away.

THE FARE.

JOIN THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE. SEE PAGE 10.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Who is the individual who is at present making nightly tours round smart haunts of the West End, personating a crack jockey, whom he resembles very considerably? How much did he obtain a night or two ago from an intoxicated retired colonel? And will the latter have the courage to prosecute?

* * *

Why is it that, whereas a large number of Tory M.P.'s have openly gloated over certain "Marconi revelations," a few of the better-known of them have refrained therefrom? And may not future revelations involve some of the most enthusiastic of the gloating brigade?

* * *

What was the nature of the communication received by a young peer from a very important Court functionary? And had it anything to do with the fact that the former's visits to the flat of a talented music-hall soubrette are now far less open than formerly?

* * *

Is it purely business which takes the stock-broker, with offices in Throgmorton Street, to the Mount Street residence of the one-time Society beauty? Moreover, what is the nature of the business? What commission does the former draw for introducing large numbers of wealthy City men to the lady's little card parties? And why is the hostess's wine merchant's bill so heavy?

* * *

When a famous music-hall comedian called at a flat in the Albany and severely bunched the nose of the gilded occupant thereof, why did not the latter retaliate? And what does the assailant's chorus-girl wife think about the whole thing?

* * *

Was the Bishop of ——— well advised to engage his wife's ne'er-do-well younger brother as his confidential secretary? And why did he recently acknowledge as his own the signature on a cheque which the officials of his bank were all convinced was a forgery?

* * *

What does the fair promoter of a ragtime enterprise recently being rehearsed in Maiden Lane think of herself for dismissing at a day's notice several girls who had been rehearsing without salary for nearly a week?

* * *

And is this not a clear case for the A.M.U.?

* * *

If a certain recent divorce writ had been proceeded with, would a certain peer have been allowed to retain his position on the committees of several "Purity" and other organizations which he adorns at present?

* * *

Who was the young lady who entered a chemist's shop close to Piccadilly Circus, and while purchasing a sixpenny tin of tooth-powder, accidentally upset a tray containing various toilet commodities? And was not the courteous shop assistant rather sorry he made no charge for the damage, when he afterwards found out that the fair shopper had appropriated a valuable cut-glass and silver scent spray during the commotion?

Who says "Marconi"?

What is the amount of the subscription to a gambling club not a biscuit's throw from the Monico? Is it £1 per annum? And is this invariably enforced? And if not, what are the authorities thinking about?

* * *

Is it not high time that the numerous undesirables of both sexes who loiter about the different entrances to the Piccadilly Circus Tube Station were politely but firmly moved away from it?

* * *

Why did the aged dame attired in black offer £5 to the retired Army Captain outside St. James's Church? And was he not very wise to decline her kind invitation?

* * *

The devices of the legion of "livers-on-their-wits" are many and highly ingenious; and not the least brainy of these is the scheme for turning a certain trade protection society against itself. This, in common with other similar organisations, employs local agents to make enquiries regarding persons in the respective localities; and the information thus obtained is communicated in confidence to interested subscribers to the agency.

* * *

The scheme consists in striking up an acquaintance with the local agent; and by means of judiciously generous—but discreet—hospitality, leading him to believe firmly in the crook's integrity and opulence. In some cases an enquiry by the firm will result in a positive eulogy of some possibly insolvent person. In this way the latter is enabled to obtain unlimited credit from all manner of dealers in very valuable commodities.

* * *

Was not the Divorce Court K.C. rather foolish to back his Naval friend's bill for £750? Would he have done so had he known that his friend's only hope of meeting it rested on the success of Jaeger in the City and Suburban?

* * *

Where is Lady M—— S——? What has happened to her little daughter, who must now be about seventeen? And how long is it since she left an Australian rough-riding show, which gave performances in London some time ago?

* * *

Who is the one-time journalist who is projecting the flotation of a mining company? Has any land been secured? And will the public be well advised to take shares?

* * *

Who is the Yankee journalistic expert who has come to London to teach us all how to run newspapers? And will he manage to finance a daily, weekly, and monthly with a few hundreds entrusted to him by confiding investors?

* * *

Is the inner history of the Dublin Crown Jewels robbery at last going to be revealed if a contemporary does not succeed in persuading Sir Arthur Vicars to drop his action for libel? Sensational developments can be looked for if the case comes into Court.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION. PAGE 22.

HIGH SOCIETY CROOKS.

REVEALING SOME SHADY ACTS BEHIND THE SCENES OF MAYFAIR AND BELGRAVIA.

A well-worn saying declares that one-half of the world is ignorant of the methods by which the other half lives; and this applies perhaps more pointedly than in any other connection to the mystery which surrounds the source of income of many of the shining lights of Smart Society.

We see the Hon. Mr. Blank, the younger son of one of the most impoverished noble houses in the land, keeping up establishments on a scale which would rival those of a Westminster or a Howard de Walden. We see little Lady Dash, the sprightly widow of just such another scion of a flowering but very seedy family tree (excuse the metaphor), sunning herself at "Monte" or Cairo, entertaining at Henley and Ascot, and doing everything as if her income ran into as many—or more—thousands as it does into hundreds a year.

Living by Their Wits.

What is more, mark you, they pay their bills. The terrors of the "dun" are not for them; bankers bow to them with all the servility due to holders of very large accounts. In short, Fortune reserves her very sunniest smiles for them.

How do they manage to do this? To the person whose sole source of income is work, the question is a difficult one to answer—for these social butterflies under discussion do not work. But they make money all the same—far more money than many a man of the highest intellect and attainments can earn by exhausting his brains on the Stock Exchange or in the Law Courts and the Temple from morning till night. Once again, how is it done?

There is a very simple—but not a little dreadful—answer. These highly respected, admired, and courted people, people whose names are to all appearances absolutely unimpeachable, are "crooks," swindlers—crooks and swindlers just as much as the racing "head" who "cuts up cans" over the cards in a race train is a crook and a swindler.

It is a bold and sweeping assertion to make; but we make it in confidence, for we have absolute proof. It may be as well to demonstrate how these things are done.

We will consider, as a start, that our high society crook is a woman—for, strangely enough, the majority are women.

She has a tiny income—she calls it tiny, at any rate; and so it is for one who has been brought up in an atmosphere of the extremest luxury and extravagance. She has, of her own, let us say, £750 or so per annum. What is this wherewith to travel, entertain, and keep up a house in town and a "place" in the country, as she must do if she is not to retire ignominiously from the "Society" which is to her as the breath of life?

Her own actual income is just about enough to rent a nice house, or flat, in a fashionable neighbourhood, and keep a suitable staff of servants. The enormous balance—for motor-cars, dress bills, milliners, entertaining, travelling, and so forth, must be obtained by her wits. And obtain it she does, by her wits—or rather by the wits of others.

How the Game is Played.

She gives smart little card parties, or parties for the latest form of gambling adopted by Society, "coon can" or chemin-de-fer. To these parties she invites the *élite*—i.e., the wealthiest of her social acquaintances; and from them she manages to extract "winnings" amounting to many thousands of pounds in a "season."

As may be imagined, she has neither the training nor the cleverness generally to do her own cheating. So she employs a confederate, who is invariably a man, and—we regret to have to write it—by birth and breeding a gentleman. But, with this, he is one of the cleverest and most accomplished card sharpers in that ignoble profession.

He is introduced to the other guests as "Mr. Van So-and-So, an American mining magnate, and positively appallingly wealthy, my dear"—or else as "a distant cousin of mine. Made whole loads of money, tea-planting or something in Ceylon or somewhere." At any rate he passes—and the enormous "wins" he brings off are philosophically attributed by the plucked pigeons to "the rich man's proverbial luck," or explained by the aphorism that "money makes money."

He becomes very popular by reason of his apparent wealth and undoubted geniality and grace of manner, and is invited everywhere—especially to other fashionable card parties, where again, of course, his proverbial luck holds good.

As will probably be imagined, now that we have got so far, he divides in equal shares with the lady who "runs" him all his enormous winnings—and this in a nutshell is the secret of how she—and others of her kidney, male and female—lives and keeps up appearances.

A Peeress Crook.

One of the most graphic cases of this kind came before the public—though not in all its full details—some eight years ago.

A lady, the widow of a peer, who was not so much in reduced circumstances as in financial straits by reason of her enormous extravagance, sought to gain sufficient money to gratify all her eccentrically luxurious tastes in the manner outlined above.

She secured the services of the cleverest crook in London—one who might be termed a king of his own craft.

This man, Arthur K——, used to attend all her card parties, and those given by her friends; and for a long time the two "cut up" fabulous sums of money. But the end of the story was tragic. A wealthy parvenu scented fraud on the man's part and kept close watch, with the result that the swindler was shown up one night at a very smart affair.

The titled woman "crook," naturally enough, turned round back on him. She declared that she had been as much taken in by him as had everybody else—and as her position and title were unimpeachable, her story, of course, received full credit.

Police proceedings were instituted, and rather than face them, the man K—— committed suicide.

The story of his career of "sharping," published needfully by an evening paper, came as a real "eye-opener" to the many people whom he had swindled for himself and his titled accomplice.

Mayfair and Maidenhead.

Large sums were netted, too, by four people well known in Society. They were two married couples, close friends, and one couple occupied an imposing house in Curzon Street, Mayfair. The other pair were quartered in a small house at Maidenhead.

These people used to invite to their respective houses numbers of guests of wealth and rank whom they used to fleece, through the instrumentality of several card cronies, notable among whom were A—— L——, who disappeared (presumably to Australia) some three years ago, L—— W——, who is now in prison, and Capt. C—— F——, although disgraced, and unable to frequent the houses of really fashionable people, is still to be seen in Bohemian resorts of the West End, where he even now amasses a considerable sum by his skill in manipulating the cards.

The two couples in question, though they escaped the scandal of the card frauds, nevertheless achieved notoriety in the divorce courts in 1909; and both the wives are now entirely ostracised by Society.

It would be possible to multiply such instances by the score; but the methods of fashionable crooks are so similar that the stories would be well-nigh identical in every case.

Enough has been said, however, to show that a terrible canker exists at the very heart of smart British Society; and it is shameful, even from this single view-point, that titled—or influential—"promoters" should not share the inevitable punishment of those whom they employ.

"Mr. Balfour, wearing a dark grey lounge suit, listened to Mr. Lloyd George's vigorous defence of his Budget proposals."—(*Daily Mirror*). If he had by chance attired himself in pink and sky-blue checks, neither he nor anybody else could have heard a word.

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

After a man has made a reputation it is the trying to ecorate it that generally gets him into trouble.—*Puck.*

* * *

She (sobbing): You wretch, you have broken all your romises.

He (consolingly): Never mind, I'll make you lots more.

* * *

"No. I have done with him. In spite of his distinguished ppearance he is nothing less than a confidence man and ard-sharper. I thought he'd got money."

"Well, at any rate he is making a start."

* * *

IT WORRIED HER.

Old Lady (watching moving-picture photographer taking street scene): I must be getting deaf! That man's grinding his hand-organ and I can't hear a note!—*Puck.*

* * *

An amusing story is going round the theatres apropos f a meeting between Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Frederick oss—who was recently playing Drake at His Majesty's. Soon after Sir Herbert's return from America he was in he Garrick Club when Mr. Ross came in. Sir Herbert had ot seen Mr. Ross since that gentleman took up his new art of Chorus in "The Yellow Jacket."

"How are you?" asked Sir Herbert. "And what is the art you are playing?"

"Oh, I'm a Chinese version of Bernard Shaw!"

* * *

IN DOUBT.

The Master of the House: "So you are not wearing the dress I asked you to."

The Missus: "No! I told you I would wear the white one or nothing."

The M.H.: "Might I inquire which of the two you are supposed to be wearing?"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

PERFECTLY SAFE.

Miss Hatchet: "I have no sympathy with a timid woman. Now, *I* am *never* afraid to go out at night!"—*Puck.*

* * *

WANTED TO KNOW.

A little slum child was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life.

The setting sun was gilding the grass and roses of the old-fashioned garden, and on a little stool he sat beside the farmer's wife, who was plucking a chicken.

He watched the operation gravely for some time. Then he spoke:

"Do yer take off their clothes every night, lady?"—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

Waiter: "What can I get you, Sir?"

The Epicure: "Oh, I suppose I'll have one of your ghastly dinners!"—*Punch.*

* * *

EXPERT OPINION.

"Ah, what a picture!" sighed the artist, looking at the lady in the pink gown.

"Over-exposed, over-exposed!" commented the photographer tersely.—*Vermont Crabbe.*

* * *

Pretty Chambermaid (showing hotel guest to his room): And is there anything you would like?

Guest: Yes. I always like to be awakened with a kiss.

Pretty Chambermaid: Very well. I will tell "boots."

* * *

GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Whatever charms she has, a way
She'll find to show, for she is wise;
No trick she'll miss by night or day—
She knows it pays to advertise.

—*Judge.*

* * *

The letter "t" is a small thing, but it makes all the difference between immoral books and immortal ones.

* * *

Wife (after seeing a number of costumes displayed by pretty mannequins): Well, dear, which is your choice?

Husband (unthinkingly): The one with the copper-coloured hair.

* * *

AID NEEDED.

She: I am going to order just about everything on the bill of fare. What are you going to call for?

He: I think I'll call for help.—*Judge.*

* * *

It's a woman's nature to love the villain more than the hero.

* * *

The Week's Great Thought: "Apologising to a mother-in-law means the remainder of life being intolerable."—Mr. Hayes, in the Douglas libel action.

MONEY FOR THE ASKING.

PARTICULARS ON PAGE 10.

OUR SHORT STORY:

A MATRIMONIAL BLUNDER.

The Hon. Lady Marguerite Vaughan wrote a letter to the Flapper, in which she remarked, among a host of other interesting things:—

"I hear from Major F. that Mr. Smyth-Collet, of Chicago, is likely to be present at Petherton Manor. Don't forget you've simply got to cut loose this season. We're already up to our ears in debt, and unless you pull off a really first-class match within the next few months, I simply don't know what on earth is to become of us. Of course, there are sure to be plenty of rival fly-hooks whisking round, but I don't see why yours shouldn't be the one to land the fish. You're no end of a pretty girl, and you know how to manage men. Don't forget to try the new style of hair-dressing I recommended. It'll suit you to perfection. And if I were you I'd take out the lace V in your new maize-coloured dinner gown. It won't be a bit too low without it. And in any case, low necks are fashionable this year. . . Expect me down at Petherton in about ten days' time; etc., etc."

Lady Marguerite was the Flapper's elder sister, but you would certainly never have guessed the relationship. She was also a widow of three years' standing with a penchant for frivolity. Her gowns and hats, in fact everything about her, were a perfect miracle in ultra-mundane smartness.

Upon a certain June afternoon, when she joined the De Rocheforts' house party at their famous Elizabethan manor, it was in a toilet of rich, mulberry velvet, trimmed with very mellow Flemish lace, and the effect, to use the prevalent male expression, was "simply stunning."

As soon as she caught sight of the Flapper she switched off from the buzzing crowd of admirers and towed the girl into the nearest convenient corner.

"Well, what luck?" she enquired laconically.

And the other replied with the most flapper-like of winks, "Topping! He proposed last night. The wedding is to take place next month. I only wish, somehow, his hair wasn't quite so grey. It makes me feel such a chick."

"His hair?" exclaimed Lady Marguerite wonderingly. But the Flapper was already gone.

Several times during the afternoon the puzzling problem of "hair" introduced itself into her ladyship's mind, for the last occasion on which she had seen Jack Smyth-Collet, his hair had boasted the vivid and striking hue of a newly-scoured carrot. She remembered how she had joked about it to the "Rajah."

The latter was the young man's millionaire uncle, whom she had christened and made up her mind to marry on the club lawn at Henley, during the previous season. Possibly her suggestion of the nephew as a suitable husband for the Flapper owed something to her inherent appreciation of *dramatis personæ*. It would be rather amusing, she had thought, to become her own sister's aunt, while at the same time ensuring the huge Smyth-Collet fortune exclusively to the coffers of her own family.

That evening she went into dinner with the nerve of curiosity decidedly on the *qui vive*. She had scarcely entered the long, magnificent dining-room when a startling and altogether bewildering vision met her eyes. The Flapper, in the maize-coloured gown, *minus* the lace V, was standing by the wide oak fireplace in animated and apparently engrossing conversation with none other than the "Rajah" himself. A few moments later she was being presented to the world-famous dollar king as her future brother-in-law, and stammering a string of disjointed congratulations over the oddly assorted pair.

"You little exasperating fool," she scolded vehemently as she sat tailor-wise upon the Flapper's bed late that night. "It was the nephew you were to have married—not him. How could you make such a *bêtise*?"

The girl looked at her sister reproachfully out of the depths of her guileless blue eyes, a hair-brush poised gracefully in one hand.

"But you said 'Mr. Smyth-Collet,' and as there was no other man of that name here, I naturally thought you meant him."

There followed a short brow-puckering pause. Then the flapper added naively:—

"Hope I haven't cut you out, Meg? But, of course, there's nothing to prevent you reversing the order of things, and marrying the nephew yourself. We can't very well swap now—can we?"

= MONEY

FOR THE ASKING

To Members of "Modern Life" League We Distribute 2/6 P.O.'s.

Many are the ways of increasing the circulation of papers and periodicals, but none better than those like a paper handing a copy to a friend and recommending him or her to buy it in future. This is our scheme for increasing the circulation of *Modern Life*. We simply ask you to fill in your full name and address in the form below, paste it on a postcard, or put it in an envelope with a halfpenny stamp on and address it to Distribution Department, *Modern Life* Office, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

We shall distribute among members sending in the forms.

100 HALF-CROWN P.O.'s

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MONEY FOR THE ASKING

will be published in this paper weekly.

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I apply for one of your 2s. 6d. P.O.'s, and shall be pleased to distribute ..... copies of your publication among my friends, which you agree to send me free of charge.

Name .....

Address .....

(Fill in above the number of copies you wish us to send you.)

It is worth while becoming a League member right away.

THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE

You are invited to become a member and enjoy numerous benefits that will be published from time to time, the first of which is announced above.

The *Modern Life* League has been formed to secure a large following of interested readers, who will co-operate with us in extending the sale of *Modern Life*, so that a cleverly illustrated, witty and bright penny weekly may be read by the people in every town and village of the kingdom.

The yearly subscription to the League is sixpence.

Readers wishing to become members should fill in the form below and enclose a P.O. for sixpence, together with a stamped addressed envelope.

Each member will receive a card of membership bearing a registered number.

The Editor will present a Bicycle (Lady's or Gent.'s) each week to the member who, in his judgment, has proved the most energetic worker in securing fresh readers and new members of the League.

Letters should be addressed *Modern Life* League, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MEMBER'S APPLICATION FORM.

Please enter my name in the Register as a Member of the *Modern Life* League, and send me a membership card bearing my registered number, for which I enclose a P.O. for sixpence and a stamped addressed envelope. I will at all times do my best to increase the sale of the paper and introduce new members to the League.

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In cases where members have been introduced, fill in below name and registered number of the member.

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£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION, PAGE 22.

IN STAGELAND.

Mr. Pinero has suggested smoking in Theatres as a remedy against the decline of the serious drama. The idea is worthy of elaboration, and our artist makes a few more suggestions to achieve the same laudable end.

MR. TREE COULD KEEP HIS AUDIENCE AMUSED BY A LITTLE SHADOW-GRAPH SHOW AS A CURTAIN-RAISER.

* * *

It seems but a few months ago that the subtle charm of [illegible] was filling the Coliseum to an uncomfortably [illegible], but as a matter of fact it is about five years. On the occasion of her last appearance here she told me [illegible] hauntingly that she was obsessed by omens—those of [illegible] incidents always seemed to worry her as portents of impending evil.

* * *

Mlle. Janette Denarber has nothing to grumble at in the loss of her action against the Empire of Leicester Square for breach of contract. I happened to be present at her single performance, and could almost imagine that my hair [illegible] were singeing my hair.

* * *

PUNCH AND JUDY IN THE GANGWAY AFTER THE FIRST ACT WOULD BRIGHTEN THINGS UP.

Nevertheless, the [illegible] manager, Mr. [illegible] cannot always be credited with Puritanical scruples. Did he not permit that [illegible] Gaby Glide [illegible] to flaunt its [illegible] and [illegible] during two [illegible] months of the run of "Everybody Doing It"?

* * *

[illegible] Wash-[illegible]ding in "Come [illegible] thinks that [illegible] does not permit [illegible] every [illegible] chance owing [illegible] terrific speed at [illegible] and the business [illegible]. However, the [illegible] and an all-[illegible] magnificence of production have placed it beyond [illegible] criticism, I believe and hope, in spite of the [illegible] and vulgar valuation of the jewels, sables, [illegible] and oddments, attached to the personalities of the [illegible] Yankee press agents are fearfully afflicted [illegible].

* * *

[illegible] who is conducting "Les Danseurs Futuristes" [illegible] would be spared all her trouble in connection [illegible] if she would but realise that Futurism's gaudy [illegible] is already relegated to a Past which we are now [illegible] with surprised resignation. The marvel is [illegible] ever tolerated for one day this esoteric insanity. [illegible] full justice, however, this turn is *not* in the [illegible] impressionism as expounded by Futurists.

* * *

[illegible] you to take an afternoon and go to the [illegible] "Thompson," by the late St. J. Hankin. It [illegible] little masterpiece of airy, social artificiality, [illegible] pay your visit. I hope to see it in an evening [illegible] soon.

I hear Mr. Gulliver is going to allow a weekly newspaper to run amateur ragtime carnivals in many of his suburban halls. Really *good* ragtime is now ragged to threads—so I can't guess precisely what sort of lemon we are being handed here!

* * *

It is interesting to note that Mordkin is doing great things in New York at the moment. Mlle. Loponkona, his new partner, has also distinctly made good. One recollects how bitter were the squabbles and dissensions with Pavlova when they last appeared together at the Palace.

* * *

In "The Dancing Mistress," at the Adelphi, Miss Gertie Millar has recently interpolated a new number, "Everybody likes our Mary"—a lyric well up to her best Gaiety standard. One or two other new things make a fresh visit well worth while!

* *

Those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the popular laughter-maker, Will Evans, on the halls, will be pleased to hear that his latest screaming absurdity, "Harnessing a Horse," has been filmed, and will appear at many picture halls next week.

* *

Will Evans' sketch was filmed in the open-air; much new "business" has been added to it, which, by the way, could not possibly have been done whilst the piece was played on the stage, and which makes it more absurd and mirth-provoking than even lovers of Will Evans could have anticipated.

A WRESTLING TURN BY MESSRS. SHAW AND PINERO WOULD GO DOWN WELL.

* * *

"Lorna Doone," the all-British Clarendon film, is still going great guns. If the proposed British Combine matures, we shall see more of these excellent history plays, with scenes set in our own little island. There are many beauty spots in England the like of which cannot be found abroad, and the American Companies (who provide 90 per cent. of the pictures shown), realising this, are setting up studios over here. There is a demand for British films which cannot be satisfied. People are tired of seeing the Stars and Stripes, soldiers in strange uniforms, and so on.

* * *

The Kalem Company have produced a three-reel film featuring Detective W. J. Burns, who has been engaged on the Martin disappearance case. The picture is an exciting one, and includes the wrecking of a motor car by an express train. Alice Joyce, the favourite of the picture-going public, appears in this wonderful drama.

* *

One of the chief British film-producing companies, the Hepworth, now issue specially composed and arranged music to accompany their pictures. The orchestras at many of our chief picture-houses are quite capable of rendering such music in a manner which greatly enhances the value of a picture.

AND A LITTLE RAGTIME BY THE LADY ATTENDANTS WOULD SEND THE AUDIENCE HOME IN A GOOD HUMOUR.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION. PAGE 22.

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Taking the sun from an aeroplane," runs a *Daily Mail* heading. It is to be hoped that the aeroplane won't get away with it again before Whitsuntide.

* * *

Mrs. Anne Rogers, an ardent American suffragette, has been appointed receiver in the U.S.A. Government land office at Leadville, at a salary of £600 a year. Gained her experience trying to dodge mud, presumably.

* * *

Good news for the henpecked. The Incorporated Institute of Hygiene has issued detailed instructions as to how a corset should be put on and taken off.

* * *

All lady postal clerks with any pretensions to fashion are wearing stockings with synchronised clocks just now.

* * *

Eloquence is fire, and rhetoric is only fireworks, says Mr. Bonar Law. The Thames, at Westminster, manages to put them both out, somehow.

* * *

According to a fashion expert, summer muffs of huge size are to be the vogue this year. The fashion is supposed to have originated in the sleeping-bags used by Arctic explorers.

* * *

The Bishop of Oxford was mobbed by the excited parishioners of Bradwell, Bucks, the other day. Fortunately they stopped short of shedding his Gore.

* * *

Lady "ushers" were in evidence at a society wedding at South Kensington last week. It is understood, however, that the customary man officiated as bridegroom.

* * *

An official notice published in the *Hannover Anzieger* ordains that "the last carriage shall not be attached to railway trains," because it is "always subject to unpleasant shocks and oscillations." The railway authorities are now confronted with the necessity of making both ends meet.

* * *

Mr. Keir Hardie says the Parliamentary Labour Party are men who have come from the mines and *gas works*. Nuf sed!

* * *

Mr. Bonar Law longs for a machine that will measure with mathematical accuracy the ability of every man in the House. What's the matter with a micrometer?

* * *

Mrs. Belmont, mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, and Mr. Harry Lauder, arrived from America last week in the same boat. By another singular coincidence both these celebrities are determined not to spend more money in this benighted country than can possibly be avoided.

* * *

Royal Academy porters lately went on strike, and refused to return the rejected pictures. "The pictures be hanged!" was presumably their sentiment—and the talented but unappreciated painters heartily echoed it.

* * *

Our Sporting Suburbs.—Two boys were fined recently for firing a Remington pistol at puddles in a Walworth street.

* * *

(For £2 per year everybody will be enabled to have his clocks set to Greenwich time every morning.—Daily Paper.)

If you want to know the time,
Ask Mr. Samuel.
The proper Greenwich time,
Ask Mr. Samuel.
You won't find it very dear.
He won't charge you much, no fear.
Only send two pounds a year
To Mr. Samuel.

(A policeman writes that the original song was bad—but the above could not possibly be verse.)

* * *

A sixty-four-year-old Quaker hermit of South Petherton, indulges daily in "twirling the pole." The correspondent who declares that the venerable gentleman is up it is merely guilty of gratuitous flippancy.

* * *

Racing Notes.—Backers saw sparks when Rock Flint was struck out of the Two Thousand Guineas. Sir Charles Assheton-Smith may be congratulated on a very heavy Irish Mail. It's figure to him was just 2,525 pounds.

MY NOTE BOOK.

In introducing a new paper to the public it is customary to utter a few words of self-depreciation and excuse for shortcomings which may or may not be apparent in an otherwise promising effort to fill the proverbial "long-felt want." That, however, is not the attitude I intend to assume. The first issue of *Modern Life* is as good as I and my helpers have been able to make it, and its imperfections upon our heads. I think you will like it, and that you will buy next week's issue, and those following it, with certainty that you will get your full pennyworth, even if corners which inevitably protrude in a first issue have yet been smoothed down. Needless to remark, I believe that next week's issue, and every succeeding one, will be an improvement upon this initial effort.

Now I want to say something of the different features of the journal. Of the Royal and Society News, conducted by a man who is in a position to know what he is talking about, little need be said. It speaks for itself. Week by week you will be let into the secret of what is happening in high circles, and not expected to swallow a pack of tales concocted merely to fill space.

The column of "Plain Speaking" is at the disposal of my readers. The most omnivorous of readers and the most ubiquitous of editors cannot be expected to keep track of everything that calls for strong comment or plain speaking. This is where I ask your assistance. Newspaper readers' flagrant cases of injustice will especially be welcomed. I am always prepared to ventilate grievances and to point out wrongs that call for redress. I propose to speak plainly and straightforwardly in trenchant language which there is no mistaking, but it must be remembered that *Modern Life* is a non-political journal, that we have no axe of our own to grind, and that we are not going to perform that operation for anybody else. My object is to be of service to our readers, and in return I know that readers will not seek to abuse my confidence. I do not intend to start a campaign of slander and innuendo against public men. That sort of thing is already overdone. But I do firmly believe that the world will be no worse for a little plain speaking from an independent observer of the affairs of the moment, and that I propose to give even if somebody's feelings get hurt occasionally.

The pungent criticism of "Plain Speaking" will, I trust, not come amiss in a paper whose aim in life is to be bright and witty. Most of the other special features of *Modern Life* are designed to lighten in some measure the gloom of this strenuous workaday world. Of journals dry as dust and dull as ditch-water there is no lack in this great country of ours, and *Modern Life* will not attempt to compete with them. Life without laughter is a dreary blank, said Thackeray. To help to fill that blank is the aim and purpose of this journal—a purpose which I trust you will find has been very largely achieved—at any rate until the next number is published.

As this is an age of competitions we have decided to follow the general trend, and particulars of our own £500 competition will be found on pages 22 and 23. "Money for the asking" is another novel feature (see page 10). I trust that readers will hasten to avail themselves of the benefits which will accrue to them by enrolling themselves as members of the *Modern Life* League.

THE EDITOR.

JOIN THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE. SEE PAGE 10.

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

"I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately."
"Is that one of them, they are a terrible lot."

* * *

NORAH WASN'T ALARMED.

"Norah," said her mistress severely, "if you have the man in the kitchen again I shall speak to him."
"As far as ye like, mum," said Norah, "but yez'll git him. We're to be married next Tuesday."

* * *

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Jackson: "Do you know, Brown and I have over seventy children between us!"
Robinson: "You don't say?"
Jackson: "Fact! You see, I live one side of a boarding-house, and he lives the other!"

* * *

"What you want in business, my son, is 'push'!"
"I got it this morning, dad!"

* * *

The appointment of a new judge had other reasons besides the necessity to fill the gap caused by the sad demise of the Law Courts cat last Tuesday.

* * *

A blind barrister suggests that the cat had been looking at some of Mr. Justice Darling's jokes.

"Pressure on Turkey, from our own correspondent," runs a *Daily Mail* headline. The dashing war correspondent had evidently got tired of *canneton à la presse*, and was seeking a change of diet.

* * *

THE LADY AND THE CHEQUE.

He is a seaside bank manager, and he tells this story:—Last summer a most beauteous damsel—a stranger—entered the bank and requested to see him. "Yes, what could he have the pleasure of doing for her?" "Oh, would he be so very kind as to cash this cheque?" It was a cheque for £10, drawn on another bank. The manager was desolated, but he was afraid it was impossible. He did not know either her or the drawer of the cheque. "But don't you remember the name," said the lady. The manager was sorry he did not. "It's my father. We were staying here last summer, and I know you used to cash cheques for him." The manager now did remember, but there was this difficulty. How was he to know that the lady was the rightful holder of the cheque. Had she any proof of identity? No, she had not. She had not expected any trouble, and she had torn up her father's letter enclosing the cheque. She was charming, but business is business, and the manager was firm. He must have proof of identity. "Well," said the lady, "I could show you my name on my stocking if you like."—Cashed!

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE 10.

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

OR WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Who is the handsome gentleman who persistently parades up and down Paddington departure platform and asks so frequently whether "anyone has seen his young daughter," and whether there is any "daughter" in existence?

* * *

What exactly is the position of the handsome gentleman who arrived in London a few days ago with the Countess whose book has created such a sensation?

* * *

Will the forthcoming "Recollections" written by Miss Lily Langtry be her own work, or that of a lady who has established a great reputation as a literary "ghost"?

* * *

And could not this latter lady be found somewhere in the select neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, living in a house made famous as the residence of a late philanthropist?

* * *

Why certain ladies are so interested in Art in South Kensington, and whether the presence of some interesting foreign male students has not a good deal to do with this sudden love of "the beautiful"?

* * *

What is the exact nature of the attraction that is keeping so many husbands "late at the office" just now; why a well-known light of Suburbia has consulted a physician as to whether there is any remedy for talking in his sleep; and particularly why three leading Bayswater ladies have become ardent suffragettes "on principle"?

* * *

Is it true that there is a plot on foot among certain daring spirits in North London—members of the "gentler sex"—to kidnap one or two of the militant wild women and administer to them a sound chastisement?

* * *

If the notorious, but presumably now repentant, Princess will be successful in her efforts to induce the publishers to withdraw from circulation the book written by her musician husband?

* * *

Rumour has it that a certain militant Suffragette is going still more crazy with wondering what the police will do with the private letters which they found in her drawer when they raided headquarters on Wednesday.

* * *

It is rumoured that Miss Ruth Preece ("Sister" Ruth) recently went to Paris to act the star part in an extraordinary series of films portraying episodes at the "Abode of Love." Mr. Redford, the film censor, has bought a new pair of spectacles.

* * *

If a certain pretty lady of King Manoel's acquaintance is not still receiving from him letters which he would not like his *fiancée* to see?

* * *

How the little widow with the golden hair, who gives such cosy suppers in her flat at Maida Vale, followed by a "quiet game of cards," manages to keep up such excellent appearances? And what exactly is her relationship to the "big brother" who so actively superintends the said cards?

* * *

Why did the gentleman give his maid five pounds the other day when she announced her intention of paying a visit to his mother-in-law? And was his reason, "that he had such a high regard for her," quite correct?

* * *

What was the clergyman who was engaged in such animated conversation with a notorious woman outside Victoria Station last week saying that caused her such boisterous mirth?

* * *

Is it a fact that the regrettable illnesses of the Duchess of Connaught have a tubercular origin?

* * *

Why the ladies at Hull are so persistently ejected from one of the Police Courts when the most unobjectionable cases are being heard?

Who is the gentleman in Manchester who remarked at the last Council meeting that "of all the women he had ever seen—and he had had a good experience—those of Manchester were the clumsiest and ugliest"?

* * *

And if it is not a fact that the gentleman in question has not, up to the present, been considered an expert on the subject of female charms or likely to attract any notice from the weaker sex himself?

* * *

How much longer are the Birmingham police going to tolerate the scandal of the wine-bars in the streets just out of Corporation and New Streets, and if a number of indignant wives are not contemplating a raid upon them? Further, how old is the little girl, with bright curls hanging down her back, who has frequented one or two of these places for the last two months, and who has a potential "uncle"?

"Why shouldn't I marry a Lord?"

* * *

Might doesn't always make right, but often now manages to make good.

* * *

When marriage introduces her to the washtub, woman has a perfect right to call it a labour union.

* * *

Some people barely get the wedding cards out before they want to shuffle for a new deal.

BESS HAMILTON.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 1 (NEW SERIES):

THE ROMANTIC ATTACHMENTS OF THE BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETH HAMILTON, ONE OF THE QUEENS OF BEAUTY OF THE COURT OF THE "MERRIE MONARCH."

...re days, when the Court of St. James has become ...ically "correct," it is a little difficult to realise the joyous- ... the same Court in the days of King Charles II. It was ... Restoration, when the English royalties returned to ...ntry after their long exile in Paris, that a peculiarly ...n atmosphere prevailed at the Court, and the Monarch ...ted himself to getting the maximum of enjoyment out of ... Whether there was a lady in the entourage of King Charles ...ho came out of that riotous era with an unsullied reputation ...do not know. There was one, however, who, whatever the ...ue of scandal may have imputed to her, lives now in the ...ry of beauty as a belle who, though assailed with every ...t in Cupid's bow, remained impregnable to the bitter end. ...name was Elizabeth Hamilton, and whether her triumphs ...due to her impregnability, or merely to her beauty, she ...s apart from all the other women who over figured in the ...t of England as the most desired and the most-fought-for ...omen.

...ever, surely, was there such a Court as that of the Merrie ...arch for sheer undiluted licentiousness. The King himself ...the object of daily disputations between the rival favourites. ...Duchesses of Portsmouth and Cleveland, the Countess of ...maine, Mrs. Middleton, and a dozen other women whose ...ands owed their titles to the harlotry of their wives with ... Charles II., kept the Court in a constant riot of vendy ... The jealousy of one another for the favours of the ... of the maids of honour of poor little Queen Catharine ...yal household were the subjects of the lampoons and skits ...e day, and nobody had the entrée of St. James's unless they ...ceed the easy virtue of the Monarch. But, amidst all this ...ligacy, Bess Hamilton remained the one adorable sylph who ...an example of right living which amazed as well as ex- ...rated the score of high-born lovers who made her the object ...eir attentions.

...ward Personality of Bess Hamilton.

... Hamilton had every good fortune which this world can ... Born a member of the ducal house of Hamilton, she ...d to the highest lineage charms of person and character ...h were unrivalled by any of the imported beauties of Charles ... Court. Here is her brother Antony's description of her. ... had the finest shape, the loveliest neck, and the most ... in the world. She was majestic and graceful in ... movements; and she was the original which all the ladies ... taste and art of dress. Her forehead was open, ... and smooth; her hair was well set, and fell with ease ... natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her ...plexion had a freshness not to be equalled by any borrowed ...urs; her eyes were lively, and capable of expressing whatever ...pleased; her mouth was full of graces, and her contour ...mmonly perfect; nor was her nose, which was small and ...ate, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, ...carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed all over her ...le person, made the Chevalier de Grammont (her future ...band) not doubt but that she was possessed of every other ...ification."

...yal Duke as Her First Lover.

... all this Elizabeth Hamilton added the attraction of an ...omely vivacious and lively temperament. When all the ...rt was gloomy, it was Bess Hamilton who was brought forth ...heer the throng; whenever a practical joke was played upon ...e dowdy matron or eccentric old beau, it was invariably ... at the door of the sly Bess Hamilton, and generally it turned ... that her ... suspicion was justified. Needless to say, such a ... of human perfections made Bess the centre of endless schemes on the part of the beaux of the time. By the time she was twenty, Bess could count her conquests by the dezen, but to all of them she turned the happy smile of a girl whose heart has not been captured, and who enjoyed her would-be lovers' chagrin as only a lively minx scarce out of her teens should. Amongst her most ardent admirers was no other than the Duke of York, the future King James II. He may also be said to have been the first to lay serious siege to Bess's heart. Together they had shared the sorrows and the joys of the Royal exile in Paris, and while Bess was but a girl in short frocks the exiled King's brother had fallen a complete slave to her charms. Had she responded, it is by no means improbable that she would have stood in the shoes which were destined for the artful Anne Hyde, who became the Duke's wife, and the mother of the two English queens, Mary II. and Anne. As it was, Bess was too innocent of mind to compromise her virtue in the hope of being a queen; but the Duke of York, to his honour be it said, loved Bess to his dying day, and treated her with a chivalry which was unique in those days.

Lass who Cheered a Prince when He was in the Doldrums

The Duke of York was a brave man, although he turned out such an indifferent King. When he was at the wars, his great diversion was hunting, and when, after a hard day to hounds, he would return fatigued and limp, his wife would send for Bess Hamilton, whose gay chatter and lively wit invariably dispelled the Duke's boredom, and changed the atmosphere to one of pleasantry. It is an eloquent testimony to the incorruptible moral sense of Bess, that Anne Hyde should thus readily resort to Bess's *naïveté* for the purpose of cheering her Royal Duke in his bored moments. Another of Bess's lovers was the Duke of Richmond, who was sent into the very depths of despair by his inability to wing an arrow into her heart. But the Duke was something of a curmudgeon, and he bargained for Bess as if she had been a piece of merchandise. So the Duke went the way of the rest, and felt sore ever afterwards.

All About a Glass Coach.

There is no woman so beautiful, and no coquette so flirtatious, that she does not herself get bitten with the mania for love at some time or other. And Bess Hamilton was no exception to the rule. Lightly as she toyed with the great lords who prostrated themselves at her feet, she knew that one day the man would appear whose expostulations would rend her as she had rended so many of his sex. And, true enough, he came along in due course. At that time, the first year of the reign of King Charles II., the fashion of riding in coaches had come in. The example of the French royalties had been followed in London, and the new King's first act was to have built a coach with glass sides. Along with the French gentlemen who had stood by King Charles in Paris was one Count de Grammont, who, being invited by Charles to pay a visit to the Court of St. James, took up his residence in London, and immediately achieved a great popularity by his natural wit, and the polish of his manners. His record for gallantry amongst the fair sex that followed him from Paris made him a man of personality well "worth knowing," and when he saw the King's new carriage he was amazed at its lack of beauty. The Count decided that something a trifle more elegant was due to his benefactor, so he sent a sum of fifteen hundred louis to his friend, the Duc de Guise, in Paris, and ordered a carriage "fit for a King." When the carriage eventually found its way to London the King was immensely gratified, and at once the King's women rushed to secure it for their own glory. The Queen demanded of the King that she be first allowed to ride through Hyde Park in it, in company with the Duchess of York. But the notorious Lady Castlemaine,

MONEY FOR THE ASKING.

PARTICULARS ON PAGE 10.

who was just then in full possession of the King's favours, determined that *she* should be the first to be seen in the Royal coach. The King granted this wish, but when Lady Castlemaine's great rival, La Belle Stewart, also solicited the use of the magnificent new calash, His Majesty gave it her for the same day as Lady Castlemaine, and, to use a modern vulgarism, the "fat was in the fire." The two favourites of the King, who had once been in alliance, now became bitter enemies, and all over the Count de Grammont's coach. As the Count was the easy retailer of all the scandals connected with this incident, he soon was the most run-after man about town, and when he met Bess Hamilton, to whom he was related, and who possessed the complete confidence of the Court, he also fell violently in love with her, and determined to bring her to book. It seemed a poor look-out for the Count, against so many, and for a long time he tried every subtle Parisian wile in the hope of evoking an expression of affection on the part of Bess. For months Bess kept him at a distance, however, and though she was falling in love with him, she failed to realise it, and treated him with the same amusing raillery that she did the rest of her beaux.

Historic Threat of La Belle Stewart.

Those were days when over-fastidiousness of speech and deportment were not the prevailing characteristics of the First Family. Consequently, what would be looked upon nowadays as very improper, in the days of the Merrie Monarch was "the thing." So, when the troubles with Lady Castlemaine and La Belle Stewart obsessed the Court, it somehow fell to the lot of Count de Grammont and Bess Hamilton to be the chief retailers of the facts in relation to the case. Lady Castlemaine was at the time *enceinte* by the King, and when she heard that the new calash was to be ridden in first by La Belle Stewart, she threatened to miscarry unless she had the coach herself. And she nearly kept her word, for so mortified was La Belle Stewart when she heard that the King was wavering, that she wrote to King Charles saying that she would see to it that she never bore him a child if Lady Castlemaine had the glass coach before *she* did! This menace prevailed with Charles, who was very fond of children, and particularly of his bastards, and so the beautiful Stewart was the first woman to disport herself in Hyde Park in the King's new calash from Paris.

In all these intrigues Bess Hamilton and the Count de Grammont played the parts of newsvendors, for, owing to their close position in regard to the King and the new coach, they had all the facts "first hand." And while they were retailing the love affairs of the Court they were revelling in an "affaire" of their own. For the Count was madly in love with Bess, and there was no saying him "Nay!" Bess laughed at him every day, pinched his leg, and called him "a silly boy," but—she was beginning to feel the current! Then it was that the Count's great friend, the accomplished St. Evremond, who was another French gallant at Charles's Court, tried to shake off the maudlin fit of love which had descended upon the Count. So he told him about the proposal of old Sir William Russell to Bess, and also of how Henry Howard, the future Duke of Norfolk, was also in the field, and was becoming a formidable rival. Of this British aristocrat St. Evremond said to the Count: "I confess Howard is a clown, but what other lady in England is there who would not put up with his stupidity and disagreeable person to be the first Duchess in the Kingdom, with £25,000 a year! Then there is my Lord Falmouth. He also tells me that Bess Hamilton is the only thing wanting to complete his happiness, but that at the height of the splendour of his fortune he never had had the assurance to disclose his sentiments to her, that he had either felt in himself too much weakness or too much pride to be satisfied with obtaining her solely through the influence of her relations, and that though the first refusals of the fair on such occasions are not much minded, he knew with what an air she had received the addresses of those whose persons she did not like."

The "Monkey" Determines to Show Bess Some of His Tricks.

But St. Evremond, with all his eloquence and story-telling, only served to increase the Count de Grammont's passion. St. Evremond pointed out to him that the Grammont estates in France were in the hands of his brother, the Count de Toulongeon, and that he had nothing to offer Miss Hamilton but his hand and heart, which was hardly fair to the lady, who was being daily besieged for an answer by no less chivalrous a gallant than Dick Talbot, the future Duke of Tyrconnell. All of which only fired the Count the more. So he replied: "Well, I will bet you a hundred louis that I wed Bess Hamilton. I shall first make my peace with the King; then I shall ask the Queen to make Bess a Lady of the Bedchamber, and this she will grant me. Toulongeon will die, without any assistance from me, and notwithstanding all his care, and Miss Hamilton will have Seameac (the Count's brother's estate) with the Chevalier de Grammont as an indemnification for the Norfolks and the Richmonds."

This was a bold wager, for when the heroine of the story first set eyes upon him she had asked Henry Jermyn, "Who *is* that ugly man, who looks so like a monkey?" And when this unpleasant question eventually came to the Count's ears he replied, with that extraordinary wit for which he was celebrated, "So she calls me a monkey, does she? Then I must show her some of my tricks!"

And he did, for the day came when he declared his [illegible] successfully that Bess Hamilton was at last undone, [illegible] fell quivering into the Count's arms. It was a [illegible] days ever there was one, for no maiden that ever had [illegible] across the stage of English Court life had been [illegible] would-be husbands of the highest rank and [illegible] Yet it was the impoverished and monkeytied C[illegible] mont to whom she eventually gave her life. Together [illegible] and his lovely and sprightly [illegible] continued to amuse [illegible] Court with their jokes and merriment until a [illegible] the Count back to France. Now came the strange [illegible] all Bess's romance. No sooner had the capricious Frenc[illegible] ceeded in his quest than his love began to cool. And wh[illegible] coach started with him for Dover, he had so far ceased to [illegible] about Bess that he failed even to say a word of fa[illegible] Whether Bess would ever have set eyes upon the man to [illegible] she had plighted her heart and hand it is impo[illegible] but certain it is that only the impulsive indignation of be[illegible] resulted in her ever being "Countess de Grammont." [illegible] Count arrived at Dover on his way back to France, but [illegible] scarcely got out of his calash when a gallant rode up [illegible] was Bess's brother.

"Chevalier de Grammont," said George Hamil[illegible] voice, "is there nothing you have forgotten [illegible]"

"Pardon, sire," was the ready reply; "[illegible] charming sister!"

And there and then George Hamilton and the Count [illegible] to London, and Bess and her beau were soon made man and [illegible]

ANOTHER FASCINATING STORY WILL BE GIVEN NEXT W[illegible]

What's in your cigarette

YOU can roll fresh, sweet, cool tobacco into cigarettes you make yourself: but you never know what's inside the cigarettes you buy ready-made. Make your own with *fresh* tobacco, and roll it in the "A.G." Cigarette Paper.

You will find that your own cigarettes will be cooler, last longer, and they will cost you less—*much less.*

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MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Undergraduate and Cricket Professional—Unpleasant Incident.

Who says cricket is too dull a game nowadays to attract general interest? The well-known professional who was paid a handsome fee to coach a Cambridge undergraduate [illegible] of more money than skill doesn't think so, anyhow. When he was putting his pupil through his paces at the nets the other day he had more excitement than he cared about.

The pupil—I should like to mention his name but, in the hope that when he reads this, he will consider it advisable to exercise more restraint upon himself, I will refrain from doing so—has always been a headstrong youth, as his plutocratic father knows to his cost. Just because his professional instructor was, after clean bowling him three times in five successive overs, quite frank on the subject of the young man's style, he lost his temper, and picking up the ball flung it at the unfortunate coach.

The hot-headed undergraduate has never distinguished himself in the art of throwing in to the wicket, but he found the mark all right on this occasion, with the result that the professional had to have five stitches under the right eye. And the boy's father had to get his cheque-book out once again in the library of his Sussex mansion next morning in order to "mend" matters!

* * *

It is quite on the cards that Hampshire have found another Ranjitsinghi in Prince S. S. Gaekwar of Baroda, who had very bad luck last year, for he would have got his Blue for cricket had it not been that he met with an accident shortly before the Inter-'Varsity match. He is a batsman of more than ordinary ability, and as his father possesses not only lots of lakhs of rupees, he will not be handicapped financially in devoting himself to the game.

* * *

Hampshire is such a sporting cricket county that I hope they will do for a really good season. They will miss Captain Kennedy and Mr. J. N. Bignell, who are abroad, but they have the services of the other players who appeared in the eleven last season. The military set who do so much for Hampshire's reputation deserve a turn. What a time there would be if they came out on top!

* * *

Plum Warner is, I am glad to hear, very fit and keen for the captain-ship Middlesex promise to be very successful. There will be a strong amateur element in the eleven, five or six being able to take the field regularly. The value of this to the game as a spectacle cannot be overstated, for, however much we may admire the skill of professionals, it is unfortunately a fact that they do not find it profitable to play bright cricket. But the amateur with sporting instincts is not afraid to "knock 'em about." So, more power to their elbows!

* * *

Of twentieth century cricketers Mr. F. R. Foster, of Warwickshire, stands out by himself. By the brilliancy of his play and the force of a delightful personality he has brought his county to the front in the last two years in a most remarkable fashion. His physical endurance is also extraordinary, as is shown by his achievements with bat and ball during the Australian tour, the triangular matches in which England, Australia, and South Africa were engaged, and the county matches. Think what he did. As a bowler he took 304 wickets at a cost of 5,153 runs, his average being 16.95. As a batsman he had 109 innings, made 3,125 runs, and had an average of 29.20.

* * *

A captaining personality like Mr. Foster means everything to a cricket eleven. A few years ago Warwickshire were in the second class, but with the advent of Mr. Foster a wonderful change has taken place. Their finances are good—as cricket clubs' funds go—and the players are well up to the first-class standard and full of enthusiasm.

* * *

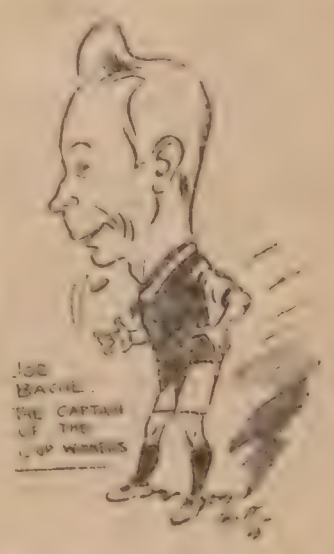
The fine warm weather killed football as dead as mutton some days before the actual season had expired, and as all the dailies have devoted heaps of space to analyses of the doings of the various teams in the different leagues, and to breathless reports as to who is or is not going to sign on, and why, I think the subject may very well be allowed to rest for three months or so, when the discussions on next season's prospects begin. As a fitting wind up I give sketches of two of the leaders of two of the cleverest teams that have ever figured in Association football.

* * *

It is to be hoped that the Villa will take greater care of the Cup than was the case when last it came into their possession. It will be remembered that the somewhat battered, but none the less prized, emblem of football supremacy was being exhibited in the window of a Birmingham dealer in football boots and similar goods and also a prominent supporter of the club—when an enterprising burglar annexed it after cutting a neat hole in the plate-glass show-window. This sort of thing wouldn't do more than once.

* * *

I see that South Africa and Canada intend to play the first tie in the Davis Cup Competition in this country, probably towards the end of June. Of course, neither of the countries has more than a shadowy chance of figuring in the final, for though lawn tennis is very popular, especially in South Africa—neither has as yet evolved a champion of its very own. Most of the prominent players acquired at least the rudiments of their art in the Mother Country, a notable exception being Hugh Beningfield, of Durban, Natal, who figured fairly prominently in tournaments in this country last year. Beningfield, who, by the bye, has more than a "touch of the tar-brush," is suited by scorching hot weather, for it is nothing unusual in Natal to play tennis in a temperature of ninety-odd in the shade—and with the mercury climbing out of sight if you are unwise enough to leave the thermometer out in the sun.



* * *

People who attend the Davis Cup matches will have a fine opportunity of studying temperament. For the demeanour of her players on the courts England—and also the Colonies, for Australians, South Africans and Canadians are a thoroughly sporting lot—is entitled to pat herself on the back. Continental players not infrequently lose their tempers, and "carry on" in a way which disgusts even their own friends. Graf von Salm, the stalwart Austrian, for instance, has a pleasant little habit of smashing balls at the ball-boys, if the little urchins annoy him, as they very often do, and he is not at all averse to an altercation with referee or line-umpires if he doesn't agree with their decisions. The younger Kleinschroth, a former champion of Switzerland, and a future champion of Germany, is by no means immaculate in this respect, and others might easily be cited who are inclined to show temper under stress of circumstances. Curiously enough, the most phlegmatic of prominent Continental players is a Frenchman—the well-known Max Decugis, who never allows himself to be flustered or thrown off his play by any little annoying incidents.

* * *

The preliminary tournament for the Amateur Tennis Championships—real tennis, that is to say—which is to be played during the present week, should provide enjoyable fare for the none too numerous, though enthusiastic and keenly appreciative, followers of the game. Entries include the holder, E. M. Baerlein, of Manchester, the runner-up, the Hon Neville S. Lytton, the Hon. C. N. Bruce and B. S. Foster, of racquets fame, Eustace Miles, J. F. Marshall, B. K. Price, and C. E. Tatham.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SKILL COMPETITION, PAGE 22.

So all this talk about Mr. Abe Mitchell having joined the ranks of professional golfers has at last met the contradiction that was bound to come sooner or later. It is really wonderful how these rumours originate, and no matter whom you ask, no one ever seems able to give any idea on what grounds such statements are made.

* * *

The latest gossip in connection with Mr. Mitchell is to the effect that he will turn "pro" after having another shot at the Amateur Championship, but no more reliance can be placed on this statement than on the one he has just denied.

* * *

T. E. Grant, the Tenby professional, returned a remarkable card in the competition for the "Sphere" and "Tatler" foursome tournament cups at Penarth last week.

* * *

Going out, he covered the course in 34, four strokes being the greatest number he took to hole, and coming home he totalled 40, thus going round in 74, which is four strokes better than the par of the course.

* * *

Yet another "feat of endurance," this time to be attempted by F. W. Marshall, the steward of the Oxhey Club.

* * *

Mr. Marshall has backed himself to play seven rounds of the Oxhey course in one day, part of the conditions being that the feat should be attempted during the hottest part of the year; and it is therefore arranged that it shall be on a day between July 1st and August 15th.

* * *

This is rather a large order, and the wager will take some winning; but Mr. Marshall knows his own abilities best, and will probably come out on top.

* * *

There is some very good stuff in "Inland Golf," by Ray, the open champion, which was published last week. Usually one is always inclined to look with a certain amount of suspicion upon the literary efforts of prominent athletes, the signature often being about the only thing they have contributed, but this book seems to be an exception. The volume receives its title from the fact that the author holds that most of the books on golf already on the market are written by men who learned to play by the sea-side—that is to say, upon natural, as opposed to artificial courses.

* * *

There has been quite an average amount of chopping and changing in the prospective British team which leaves this week to play the United States at polo, and it is rumoured that one or two of the "certainties" will have to show a considerable improvement in form if they are to figure in the final team. Of course, the great thing is to get acclimatised—panic men—but the time that will elapse between the rival on American soil and the first contest is perhaps sufficient, and certainly is as long a period as is ever likely to be possible in the test of this kind.

* * *

Given anything like decent weather conditions, the aviation meeting at the London Aerodrome, Hendon, on May 11 and 12 should provide both pleasure and excitement for thousands of people. Valuable prizes are offered, and extensive arrangements for passenger flights have been

ARE YOU A FINE MAN?

A fine, tall, well-developed man invariably gets on in the world because he impresses his personality on all with whom he comes in contact. The short, insignificant-looking man, on the other hand, generally passes unnoticed, or else is dismissed with the casual title of "Little So-and-So."

Don't Be Known as "Little-So-and-So."

There is so little difference between a short man and a tall one. A man of 5 feet 7 inches is short; a man of 5 foot 10 inches is tall. Think of it! Three inches make all the difference!

I Can Put Those Three Inches On To You.

During my University days and subsequently, I devoted years to a study of Greek antiquities as applied to physical culture, with special regard to the increase of height. And these researches of mine resulted in a discovery of the system by which the famous Olympic athletes of Greece, those stalwarts whose development and physical symmetry have never been equalled since, attained to their splendid proportions.

I Can Train You

by means of my course of Height Increase, in the same way as these celebrated athletes were trained. My system, which involves

No Drugs, No Change of Habits, and No Apparatus,

will, if carried out correctly according to my eminently lucid and simple Course of Exercises, add from

2 to 3 inches to Your Height in 3 Months!

Bear this in mind! Mine is not the usual system, easily compiled by any person, possibly quite illiterate, from any book on physical culture. I am a man who has made a study of the subject. I am

A SPECIALIST IN HEIGHT INCREASE.

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Breadth, Chest Development, and General Health.

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nd yet, you will agree, they are all questions that you ght have to answer any day in your own business. So t only out of curiosity—run through the list and see how ny you can answer correctly.

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Do you understand office organisation?
What is the difference between sending goods on "consignment" and "on sale or return"?
How often by law must a factory be "lime-washed"?
How and when is a judgment summons issued?
What is the cost of registering a limited company?
What is the rule about doubtful debts in assessing income tax?
Do you know how to take out a patent?
Must a receipt be in writing to be valid?
What exactly is a "special settlement"?
How and when can you claim for loss of an article sent by registered post?
What is the difference between a factor and a broker?
How would you draw up a selling scheme?
How does a secured creditor in bankruptcy abandon his security?
Is a seaside shopkeeper liable for rates in the winter when his shop is shut up?
How can you recover debts at court without the expense of a solicitor or collecting agency?

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Well, how have you come through this examination in ... knowledge? You must not forget that the knowing of these facts and of many other facts like them is ...ly necessary to you if you mean to succeed. If you ... a business for yourself you know how useful you would ... it to be able to answer any business problem that arose; ... working for others you must realise that your ... will value you more highly if he knows he can go ... for information when he needs it.

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The Balkan trouble has again made markets tremble, and it almost inclines one to warn speculators to have nothing whatever to do with stocks or shares till the Near Eastern trouble is definitely settled.

* * *

My feeling, however, is that the scare has already done its work, and prices have been knocked down in every market, so much so that I do not think we are likely to see lower levels, but on the contrary we may see a very smart recovery at any moment.

* * *

I advise the speculator with a little courage and money in his pocket to pick up his fancy or fancies now with almost a certain opportunity of taking a profit in this account.

* * *

Canadas, which are just now the barometer of the stock markets here and also in America, Berlin and Paris, are very jumpy, but are thought well of.

* * *

All Americans are at a very low level, and as the market must have been much oversold I certainly think the small speculator should take advantage of the opportunity to pick up Erie and Rock Islands at the present low prices ruling.

* * *

Erie Common are the speculator's favourite, but Erie First Pref. look a very hopeful speculative investment at about 45 dollars.

* * *

Despite all the pessimism prices do not drop much among Home Rails. The most attractive to buy are Brighton Deferred, Great Central Preferred, Great Northern Preferred, and South Eastern Deferred. Any one of these stocks should be good for a two or three point rise in the course of the next month.

* * *

I want to put my readers on to two very attractive speculations this week.

* * *

Firstly, Simmer Deep £1 Ordinary Shares, which are now quoted at 4s.

* * *

The price of these shares a week or two ago was 2s. 6d., but as this mine is doing extraordinarily well, with improving profits, these shares should easily go to 8s. or 9s., as the Company is now showing profits sufficient to pay about 2 per cent. on the ordinary shares after paying the interest on the Debentures.

* * *

The Simmer Deep monthly profit statement for April will soon be to hand, and I understand it will be a very good showing.

* * *

Readers should pick up as many Simmer Deep shares as they can afford to put by for a month or two to double in value.

* * *

The other share that I wish to draw your attention to is the International Salt Co. ordinary shares. This Company was formed to work a German patent process for converting rock salt into the purified white salt.

* * *

I understand this process has now proved successful, with the result that very large profits are likely to be earned, and the £1 ordinary shares which are now standing at 10s. apiece should therefore prove a very cheap pick up, and are likely to touch par at an early date.

* * *

The Rubber and Oil market is in a very depressed state, and should be left alone for the time being.

* * *

Among Mines South Africans are the most hopeful, especially among the deep level group, which are all on the improve, and I might incidentally mention this is the good company in which we find Simmer Deep mentioned above.

* * *

Rhodesians are again showing signs of life, and if we can only get the Near Eastern bogey out of the way this market should rapidly recover.

Any readers wishing to deal in stocks or shares, or ... ing the name of a member of the Stock Exchange, ... write to me.

* * *

Among Industrials Associated Cement have been o... and Marconis have been featureless.

* * *

Humber Cycles are still being actively dealt in, National Steam Cars are a good buy at 31s. 6d.

* * *

This Company is still making good progress, and ... weekly traffic returns continue to show substantial ...

* * *

Amalgamated Press £1 Ord. are now quoted 6 15 ... and Bowerman's Press 1s. Ordinary shares can still be ... chased at par.

ORTHOS

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Deorah.—I have passed your letter on to a broker to buy the Sim... Deep Shares for you, and he will communicate with you direct.

H. J. T. (Bristol).—Exploring Land and Minerals are well worth hold... and at present price good for a further purchase; but instead of ... more Exploring Lands, why not buy Simmer Deep mentioned ... notes? These shares are likely to prove a better speculation ... sending you the name of a broker by post.

A. J. (Portsmouth).—Sell your Maikop Spies and invest ... in Spies Petroleum, which are really good. I can send you the ... a broker to deal with if you wish it.

J. E. (Leeds).—Ashanti Gold Fields are the only shares worth buy... in the West African Market. They have shown a slight improvement ... price this last day or 60. Ashanti are 4s. shares, present price £1. ... pay a 25 per cent. quarterly dividend.

S. B. (Oxford).—Among Industrials Aerated Bread Company, ... National Steam Cars are both worth buying, and Grand Trunk ... Preference are an excellent lock up.

J. W. (Kent).—Do not have anything to do with the man at ... whose papers you send me; he is a swindler out-and-out. I will ... you the name of a member of the Stock Exchange to deal with.

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MONEY FOR THE ASKING.

PARTICULARS ON PAGE 10.

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IN THE RUNNING.

BY "OLD HAND."

If one could credit the reports of the watchers at headquarters, then it is pretty obvious that the three-year-olds this season are not by any means up to the standard which we have been led to believe. As you will probably know, after professing to be enamoured of Mr. Raphael's colt, they dropped him like a hot cinder, the reason being, so they stated, that he did not impress them as a likely winner of the first of the classics, owing to going so badly in his gallops, and he would not take a lot of beating.

Well, the latter phrase is quite true. Louvois did not take a lot of beating; in fact, he did not take any at all, owing to there not being a horse in the field good enough to last with him, and if he is no better than he is given credit for being, those that finished behind him are nothing very great. That he was the best stayer in the race I have not the least doubt, and I think that if any of those that contested the race is to win the Derby he is the most likely to do it.

There is another month to go yet before we need seriously consider the great Epsom race, and all manner of things may happen, but, bar accidents, I do not think I am likely to alter my view in regard to the Two Thousand winner's great chance. Should I have occasion to do so, it will probably be to give Aldegonde the preference. I might remark in passing that several really good judges have already backed the Newbury Cup winner, and although it is not being generally shouted, he's very much fancied indeed.

Coming to this week's racing, the first important event to be dealt with is the Chester Cup, on Wednesday, and judging by the number left in the race, a very representative field will go to the post. Last year's winner, Rathlea, I have no fancy for, neither do I care for any of those above him.

If Redwood, who is a greatly improved animal, can stay the journey, he is a factor to be reckoned with, and Wilfrid, who has been specially kept for the race, must also be taken into account, though there are others for which I have more fancy.

Annecy won the Great Metropolitan so easily that even his penalty (which only brings his weight up to 7st. 4lbs.) should not bar the way to his confirming that running as regards other horses engaged in the two events, and he is certain to go very close.

Providing his recent mishap has had no ill-effects, and that he goes to the post fit and well, Lindsay Gordon will take a lot of beating, and it is between him and

ANNECY

that the race seems to rest, and possibly the Irish horse may just get the best of it.

The running of Bachelor's Hope in the City and Suburban gives a direct pointer to his great chance of repeating last year's performance in the great "Jubilee," and no matter what wins, he will have a job to dispose of Mr. McCalmont's horse. Maybe he will win outright, but there are one or two others whose chance must be respected, particularly Maiden Erlegh, who is possibly the best horse we have in training from eight to twelve furlongs.

He has been given some rattling good gallops over the distance of the race, and if he is up to concert pitch will, I feel certain, put up a capital performance.

Except Major Symons, who can do a lot better than his running at Lingfield suggests, I do not think we are likely to see any of those weighted at seven stone or under very much to the fore, and, to sum up, I think it will be a very near thing between

BACHELOR'S HOPE AND MAIDEN ERLEGH,

whom I shall couple in my attempt to anticipate the judge.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE KNOWS EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MESSAGE FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE BENEFIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESSAGES.

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This is what the successful race-goer does and this is what you must do if you wish to pocket our £500.

If no one correctly forecasts the winners of all the races, then during the remainder of the Flat Racing Season

£1 a week will be paid to the person whose coupon is nearest correct.

I think I can safely say Epsom is the most popular race meeting of the year, and I have, therefore, chosen the Epsom races for Competition, so as to give my readers a better chance.

Some of the Entries for the races given in the coupon are published on the back page. You should carefully study form of the horses taking part in these important fixtures, and fill in against each race the name of the horse you consi in your judgment, will win the race. You can

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE,

And they must reach our offices not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Let every reader test his or her racing skill win this huge money prize.

THE CONDITIONS AND COUPON APPEAR ON THE BACK PAGE

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

The straw hat has made its spring appearance in the House of Commons. Don't, however, imagine that our Heaven or otherwise born legislators in any way set the fashion. Far from it!

* * *

With honourable exceptions they are as ill-dressed as they are ill-mannered, which is saying tons.

* * *

T'other day the *Daily Mirror* had a paragraph on spring fashions in the great Babble Shop. With the air of conferring a certificate of smartness it singled out for honourable mention certain M.P.'s who had appeared wearing bright yellow spats over black boots.

* * *

I don't expect either knowledge or taste in the average M.P., but really a modern newspaper that professes to be alive should know by this time that spats of any colour are hopelessly out of fashion.

* * *

Further, spats should never be worn over boots, but only with low shoes.

* * *

However, impelled by virtuous indignation I have wandered away from my starting point, viz., this summer's straw hat.

* * *

It does not differ materially from last year's. This is to say that the crown is oval in shape and neither very high nor very low, while the brim is strictly moderate in width.

* * *

It is rather an unpractical hat for country or river use, but is admirably suited for wear with a smart lounge suit in town.

* * *

This is the time when the man who can afford it needs a new "topper."

* * *

This season's silk hat is shorter than usual, while the crown is bell-shaped and the brim has a distinct curl in it.

* * *

It is in short a throw-back to the "Captain Coddington" silk hat that Mr. Arthur Roberts made popular years ago.

* * *

Which reminds me that I saw the "only Arthur" in an hotel lounge the other day. I sometimes do go into such places myself—just to look at the papers, doncher know.

* * *

Our greatest comedian—I really shall have to borrow a dollar of you, Arthur—was a symphony in brown—brown suit, brown hat, brown tie, brown socks, brown shoes, with of course, brown laces.

* * *

Never given to doings things by halves, the "Gasper" was imbibing what looked like brown sherry, though, of course it might have been Russian tea.

* * *

"Napoleon Blue" is the correct shade for blue lounge suits this season.

* * *

M. J. (Manchester) says he has taken to wearing a flannel belt next his skin and asks whether he should leave it off in the summer? Certainly not. It is in hot weather that a "cholera belt" is most needed as a protection against chills and draughts.

* * *

A. L. R. (Norbury) asks what sort of a walking-stick he should carry when in morning coat attire? He shouldn't carry a stick at all, but an umbrella, rolled.

LOOK FACTS IN THE FACE.

The cynic scores generally—because, alas, what he says is true even if it is unpleasant. That is why short men are secretly unhappy—for they know that they are at disadvantage compared with their taller rivals. In this case, however, short men may take heart of grace. Professor Neville Prowse, of North End Chambers, Croydon, is their friend in need. He will put from two to three inches on present height in three months. He has forwarded his course for our Editorial investigation, and we have no hesitation whatever in strongly recommending it to the public at large.

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When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Life."

MONEY FOR THE ASKING. PARTICULARS ON PAGE 10.

OUR RACING CONTEST.

Names of some of the Horses Entered in Events Selected.

In this issue we give a list of some of the entries for the races which we have chosen for our great skill competition. The remainder will appear as soon as they are available, but we do not propose to give the entries for either the Derby or Oaks, as no useful purpose would be served thereby. The probable starters for these two events will be known in plenty of time for competitors to make their selections.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

Stewards' Handicap (mile and 44 yards).—St. Merladoc, Killadoon, Augur, Albion, St. Begoe, Political, Lovewood, Bilberry, Duke of Tipperary, Irrigation, Oselle, Durbar, At Last, Spean Bridge, Drawbridge, Amador, Bolo, Ocydrome, Felizardo, Pandean, Cabaret, Harmonicon, Fly by Night, Sun Yat, Fire Finch, Poyston, Get Up, Apennine, Poulette, Chain Armour, Thistleton, Maycup, Charlton, Burning Daylight, Happy Fanny, Percival Keene, Early Girl, Dundrum, Inconstant George, Coronetta, Workgirl, Choice, Whroo, High Rock, Sirabia, Mille Fleur's, Sea View, Otter, St. Julian, Lock Earn, Erl King, Dissension, Mix Up, Stung Again, Chancery, Seremond, Campanile.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5.

The Coronation Cup (the Derby Course, about one mile and a half).—Tracery, M. Caillault's sealed nom., Tuxedo, Etheric, Stedfast, Sweeper II., Shannon, Aleppo, Cigar, Lomond, Long Set, Maiden Erlegh, Lance Chest, Santa Bellis, Bachelor's Hope, Oiseau Bleu, Prince Palatine, Lorenzo, Cyllene More, Gorgorito, La Boheme II, Warlingham, Adam Bede, Sir Martin

The Royal Stakes (six furlongs, on the New Course).—Spanish Prince, White Star, Castleton, Ask Papa, Wynbury, Cigar, Blackcap, Quantock, Great Surprise, Harmonicon, Meeting House, Borrow, Mediator, Martynia, Zebre, G.P., Sir Martin, Ma'oona, Hornet's Beauty, Mountain Fairy, Grammont, The Dodger, Poor Boy, Mix Up, Ardigon, Erl King, Bonnie Bird, Wise Symon, Halaton, Canonite, Wrack, Garryhoe, Orama, Bullfinch.

The Durdans Plate (a mile and a quarter and 66 yards).—Pintadeau, Bonbon Rose, Diadumenos, Jaegar, Oiseau Bleu, Lance Chest, Cap and Gown, Agapanthus, Miltsin, Mustapha, Mordred, Lorenzo, Jack Saw, Molly's Birthday, Blue Stone, Beaurepaire, Lomond, Thistleton, Eton Boy, Outram, Fantasio, Halberd, Daly's, Drinmore, Avernus, Wilfred, Choice, Girl of the West, Goliath, Hampton Court II, Bachelor's Hope, Chili II.

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Conditions to be complied with in our Racing Competition

On this page is given an entry form containing the name of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, and for the first prize of £500 you have to fill in against each race the name of one of the horses entered for the race. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing all the correct results of the races given in the coupon we will award the sum of £500. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, £1 a week will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results during the remainder of the Flat Racing season. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. Fill in against each race the name of the horse you forecast to win.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, Racing Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £500 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct results of all the races run, but if the whole of the twelve races are not run or if any one of the races is a walk over the £500 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct results, £1 a week during the remainder of the Flat Racing season will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

"MODERN LIFE" RACING CONTEST.

Races to be run on June 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Fill in against each race the name of the horse to win.

EPSOM, TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd.

Craven Stakes (1m. 44yds.) .....

Epsom Plate (7f.) .....

Egmont Plate (5f.) .....

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4th.

Derby Stakes (1m. 4f. 29yds.) .....

Steward's Handicap (1m. 44yds.) .....

Epsom Town Plate (6f.) .....

THURSDAY, JUNE 5th.

Royal Stakes (6f.) .....

Coronation Cup (1m. 4f.) .....

Durdan's Handicap (1m. 2f. 66yds.) .....

FRIDAY, JUNE 6th.

Belmont Handicap (6f.) .....

Oaks Stakes (1m. 4f.) .....

Chipstead Handicap (1m. 44yds.) .....

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

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